

THE
PRECEPTIVE MORAL POEM
OF
PHOCILIDES.

Who lived 530 Years before Christ,

AT MILETUS, A CITY OF IONIA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

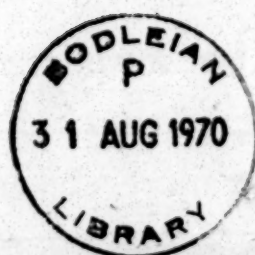
A FEW SELECT POEMS:

DIVINE AND MORAL.

Intended chiefly to promote Moral and Virtuous Principles in the
Minds of Youth.

C H I C H E S T E R :

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T H E
P R E F A C E.

THE moral principles and maxims of the *ancient philosophers* and *heathen sages*, have ever been held worthy of being preserved, and transmitted down to posterity: This, 'tis to be hoped, will be a sufficient plea for the present publication of these ancient moral precepts.

And the consideration of their being intended chiefly to further and promote *morality* and *virtue* in the tender minds of youth, will, it is presumed, with every candid reader, plead rather in favour of the inelegance, or simplicity of language in which they appear in this translation, than for a stile more elegant or florid; more especially as the translation will be found to be as faithfully and literally made as the languages will admit.

It

It will, doubtless, be observed by every one learned in the Greek language, that the editor has taken the liberty of transferring or removing a few verses from one part of the poem to another ; which was done merely to connect subjects of a similar nature, and which he flatters himself will meet with approbation rather than censure.

As to the few select poems added to this little piece, they are such as, in the editor's opinion, tend also to cultivate virtue in the minds of youth ; and some of which perhaps may (with regard to the subject matter at least) be found not wholly unworthy the perusal of many persons of riper years.

The whole is presented to the public with a good intention ; which it is hoped will atone for all its faults.

INTRO-

INTRODUCTION.

TO YOUTH.

ATTEND dear youth ; with patient
ear

The following precepts deign to hear :

Who gives advice with gen'rous breast,

Trust me, 'tis he who loves you best :

In him, and him alone, you'll find

A true benevolence of mind.

Howe'er thy youthful friends may plead

Thy steps from virtue's paths to lead ;

Howe'er transporting glides the stile,

Away—It means but to beguile.

Ne'er let the swelling look of pride,

From justice turn thy steps aside :

Court heav'nly wisdom's fair retreat,

And then thou shalt be truly great.

Seek heav'n-born virtue day and night ;

Conscience will tell thee this is right.

The

The following precepts virtue's are ;
 Make them, dear youth, thy chiefeft care :
 Heed well the doctrines they impart,
 And ftore them all within thy heart ;
 So fhall thy life with blifs abound ;
 Thy actions with fuccefs be crown'd :
 And when difeafe thy heart affails,
 And ficknefs o'er thy limbs prevails ;
 When fad, alas ! thou heav'ft for breath,
 When ev'ry groan's a groan of death,
 Then virtue fhall thy heart defend ;
 She then fhall fhine thy trueft friend :
 Religion then, with radiant face,
 Shall ev'n thy lateft moments grace ;
 She will uphold the good and juft,
 Nor e'er defert their mould'ring duft ;
 She'll calm the anguish of thy breast,
 And waft thee to the realms of reft.

E R R A T A.

Page 40, line 12, for allegiance, read alliance.

THE
PRECEPTIVE POEM
OF
PHOCILIDES.

FIRST honour GOD, and next thy Parents
too;

And deal to all men their peculiar due.

Plot no deceits: from shedding blood refrain;

And grow not wealthy by dishonest gain:

But what the hand of justice gives, receive,

And with thy destin'd lot contented live.

Abstain from others goods. Let not thy mouth

Be prone to lies; but always utter truth.

For favour wrest not judgment; nor reject

The poor man's suit; nor shew the least respect

B

Of

Of persons : but remember God will be
(If e'er thou judgest wrong) a judge of thee.

Bear not false witness : Let thy words be just ;
Preserve thy chastity, and keep thy trust.
Let justice in thy measures still prevail ;
Equal thy balance—even be thy scale.
By a design'd, or an uncertain oath,
Be not forsworn ; avoid the guilt of both :
For perjury, on whomsoe'er it rests,
Is a foul crime th' eternal God detests.

Make no encroachment on another's grounds :
Justice is best in all ;—to pass her bounds
Is evil.—Let the earth's productions be
Nor hurt, nor hind'ed in their growth by thee :
Thy neighbour's land deprive not of it's feed ;
Whoever steals it, 'tis a cursed deed.
To rob the hireling of his due, abhor,
And never in the least afflict the poor.

Think ere thou speak'st, and keep a secret close.
Wrong none : But him that would do wrong op-
pose.

Supply

Supply the beggar's wants without delay ;
 And put not off his suit from day to day.
 Relieve the needy with a bounteous mind ;
 Receive the exil'd, and conduct the blind.
 Pity the shipwreck'd :—Dangers still attend
 The seas. The fallen raise ; and be a friend
 To him that's friendless.—All may ills endure :
 Life is a wheel, and happiness unsure.

If thou art rich, assist the poor, and give
 The needy ~~share~~ of all thou shalt receive.
 Exact not from a poor man, tho' thy right,
 A debt with rigour to the utmost mite :
 Let public love inspire each generous soul ;
 And ev'ry part be useful to the whole.

Wear not thy sword for slaughter, but defence ;
 And gladly with the use of it dispense :
 For be thy quarrel e'er so just, or good,
 To slay thy foe pollutes thy hand with blood.

The love of money is that fertile root
 Whence all the various kinds of evil shoot :

In gold and silver, what unseen deceit
 Makes mortals labour to be curs'd and great ?
 O gold ! thou guide to evil, bane of life !
 Thou spring of mischief, and thou source of strife !
 Happy for man if thou hadst never been ;
 Thou pleasing ruin, pregnant cause of sin !
 Thy dire effects in bloody wars we see ;
 Wrongs, rapines, murders all proceed from thee.
 Children for thee their parents ruin seek,
 And brothers all the ties of nature break.

Speak what thou know'st is right ; and scorn
 to use

Words suited to the times, for sordid views ;
 Like reptiles borne on num'rous rows of feet,
 Who change their colour as they change their
 feat.

To calmly practice injury predefign'd,
 Argues the baseness of a villain's mind :
 But judge not rashly ;—men may be o'erfway'd
 To act unjustly :—Let the intent be weigh'd.

If *wisdom*, *strength*, or *riches* be thy lot,
 Boast not ;—But rather think thou hast them not.

For

For *God alone*, from whom all gifts proceed,
Is *wise*, is *mighty*, and is *rich* indeed.

Let not past troubles thro' thy fancy run ;
What once has happen'd ne'er can be undone.
Restrain thy anger, and to strike be slow ;
Blood has, tho' undesign'd, been known to flow,
And murder issu'd from an angry blow. }

Be all thy passions with the mean endow'd ;
Nothing too great, too lofty, or too proud.
Ev'n profit, when redundant, noxious proves ;
Immoderate pleasures breed immoderate loves.
Riches, if more than can be fairly borne,
Engender pride, and puff us up with scorn.
Ungovern'd courage too is always bad ;
Too hot a spirit makes its owner mad.
Anger is rightly term'd a kind of lust ;
But gnawing malice is by far the worst.

To imitate what's good deserves applause,
But zeal is evil in an evil cause.
Boldness in bad men always mischief breeds ;
But 'tis a mighty help in virtuous deeds.

The love of virtue wears a beauteous face ;
But lust, ignoble passion ! brings disgrace.

A wise man, all his country justly think
A public blessing. In thy meat and drink
And talk, be moderation always had ;
The mean is best, and all extremes are bad.

Repine not at thy neighbour's good, nor rail ;
No envious thoughts th' immortal minds assail :
The moon's not griev'd at those more glorious rays
That issue from the sun's refulgent blaze ;
Low earth ne'er envies heav'n's ætherial dome ;
Nor rivers grudge the seas unfathom'd womb :
But all breathe love from one congenial soul :
For discord in the least, would spoil the whole ;
The heav'ns would fall, and pole encounter pole. }

Be always temp'rate ; shameful deeds eschew ;
Chuse not with mischief, mischief to pursue.
Let justice vindicate thy goods or life :
Soft words are useful.—Strife engenders strife.
Trust not too rashly ; but thy faith suspend
Till thou hast certain knowledge of the end.

Most

Most often in requiting favours shown,
 Chuse rather to outdo than be outdone.
 Better to let a stranger find, with haste,
 A hearty welcome to a mean repast,
 Than thro' an ill-tim'd hindrance, make him wait
 The formal dainties of a gaudy treat.

Strangers with townsmen hold in like esteem;
 For we may all (tho' settled now we seem)
 By poverty distress'd, be forc'd to roam;
 For man has not on earth a certain home.

Who spoils a nest, would act extremely wrong,
 With greedy hands to take both old and young.
 To leave the dam has this apparent good;
 Thou hence may'st haply find a second brood.

Set not a fool in judgment: Wise men guide
 Wise counsels: Artists points of art decide.
 A man, unlearn'd, no science can discern;
 They never know what's good who never learn.

No friendship make with parasites; their ends
 Are fordid:—Many now are trencher friends;
 Time-serving slaves, who eat at others charge;
 Displeas'd with small gifts, not content with large.

Place

Place no dependance on the vulgar herd ;
 The unstable vulgar's in a moment stirr'd :
 The *multitude*, a *torrent*, and a *flame*,
 Are *three wild monsters* very hard to tame.

Thy strength consume not with excessive heat ;
 Fixing too near the sacred fire thy seat :
 The Gods for too great off'rings never call ;
 Observe the mean,—the mean is best in all.

Inter the dead ; and never dare disclose
 Their caverns ; or their sacred dust expose :
 The wrath of heav'n attends such crimes as those. }

'Tis a foul deed deserves the highest blame,
 To mangle or dissolve a human frame.

We hope the relics of departed men
 Shall rise to light, and never die again,
 But be immortal Gods : The human soul,
 In death continues uncorrupt and whole :
 The soul of man is God's own image, sent
 From heav'n ; and for a time to mortals lent.
 Our bodies are of earth ; and therefore must
 Return to earth, and moulder into dust :

But

But souls releas'd, to pristine seats repair ;
 Borne on the pinions of the floating air.

Be not too sparing ; know thou'rt mortal made ;
 Nor can thy wealth be to the grave convey'd :
 Death levels all ; Souls wait on God's command.
 Th' eternal mansions and the stygian strand
 To all are common.—Thither all repair ;
 Beggars and princes meet promiscuous there.
 Our space of life is narrow ; short our stay ;
 The deathless soul's exempt from all decay.

By adverse fortune be not quite subdu'd ;
 Nor too much lifted up with joy at good :
 We're oft deceiv'd by things that surest seem ;
 Obey the times, nor strive against the stream :
 One moment men some sudden ill endure,
 And find the next some unexpected cure.
 Shun mad, vain-glorious boasts ; and be thy tongue
 With modesty, that useful beauty hung.
 No sword has half that penetrating force
 That lies in reason and in wise discourse.
 To every kind of creature God has giv'n
 Defensive arms, and power deriv'd from heav'n.

Birds

Birds he created swift, and lyons strong ;
 Bulls with their horns defend themselves from
 wrong :

Insects are arm'd with stings : But man's defence
 Is plac'd in reason. Reason is the prince
 Of all endowments : 'Tis a glorious beam
 Of God's own light ; a ray deriv'd from him.
 The wise man's head excels the strong man's hands ;
 Wisdom disposes fields, and orders lands :
 From wide tumultuous rage she guards a realm ;
 And ships are safe while wisdom guides the helm.

Save not the wicked from their just desert ;
 Shun their contagion ; from their steps depart :
 For they who live with knaves, great hazards run
 Of being, with them, in their crimes undone.
 Conceal no thefts ; for both are equal thieves,
 Who steals the goods, and who, when stol'n,
 receives.

Let ev'ry man be of his own possess'd ;
 For equity and right in all are best.
 Prudently spare ; lest pinching want intrude.
 Rob not the lab'ring cattle of their food ;
 Man feels their evil, and partakes their good. }

Should'st thou thine adversary's beast espy,
 Fall'n in the road ; pass not unheeding by,
 But help it. Should thy fellow mortal be
 Or wand'ring on the land, or tofs'd by sea ;
 Thy willing aid on such a man bestow ;
 And to a friend, convert a former foe.

By amputation stop a growing ill ;
 And ev'ry wound, while recent, strive to heal.
 Abstain from flesh that falls to beasts a prey ;
 Detest, and throw such noxious food away
 To dogs : Let rav'nous dogs devour such feasts
 As suit their nature ; such are meet for beasts.
 Abstain from pois'nous drugs, and magic charms.
 Handle not infants roughly by their arms.
 Be no fomentor of seditious jars,
 The pregnant causes of approaching wars.
 No benefits on wicked men bestow ;
 As well thou may'st with feed the ocean sow.
 Labour, and let thy hands procure relief
 Of all thy wants,—an idle man's a thief.

Feed not on refuse scraps of others boards ;
 But what thy honest industry affords

In

In credit eat ; and let the toilsome steed
 Maintain the man that knows nor art, nor trade.
 There are (which all excuse for sloth destroys)
 In life, a thousand various good employs.
 See the wide ocean courts the sailor's mind ;
 See spacious fields invite the lab'ring hind :
 Some pains in all our tasks must be bestow'd ;
 And ev'ry man must work, and ev'ry God.
 From industry and labour will proceed
 A large increase of wealth for times of need ;
 The ants their subterranean cells forsake,
 Studios of food ; and wide excursions make ;
 When fields, disrob'd, give up their ripen'd stores,
 And fill with plenteous crops the loaded floors :
 While each his new-found corny load sustains,
 And as he shares the profits, shares the pains :
 So thick they swarm ; such endless rounds they
 tread ;
 They all are leaders, and they all are led :
 Thus wisely provident for future needs,
 What from the summer's rich increase proceeds,
 For

For winter treas'ring up; the fields they trace:
 A small, a weak, but a laborious race.
 Thus too th' industrious bee aerial flies,
 And by her prudent toils her wants supplies:
 For in the caverns of the reeds or rocks,
 Or in the hollow trunks of ancient oaks,
 Her hive prepares;—her waxen house she builds,
 Stor'd with the rifled sweets of flow'ry fields.

Remain not single, lest obscur'd you die,
 And buried in oblivion, nameless lie.

Render to nature what for thee was done;
 And be a father, as thou wast a son.

To prostitute thy wife will prove a shame;
 A stain to thine, and to thy childrens name:
 Bastards and true-born sons are not the same. }

Touch not a second in thy father's bed;
 Thy stepdame in thy mother's steps should tread:
 Respect her as a mother.—And abhor
 To make thy sister (curst act) thine whore:
 Nor with thy father's concubine pollute
 Thy body. Let not women cause the fruit

C

Within

Within their wombs abortive to decay ;
 Or pityless, their new-born infants lay
 Expos'd to birds and beasts, a helpless prey. }
 Strike not thy pregnant wife ; nor dare destroy
 A future father, in an injur'd boy.
 The loath'd, unmanly, horrid act detest,
 To mix in curs'd conjunction with a beast.
 Disdain thy consort's honour to debase,
 By shameful actions, in a foul embrace.
 Let no adult'rous love pollute thy soul :
 Shun man's embrace with man, conjunction foul.
 Beyond what's nat'ral let not lust prevail ;
 The brutes themselves ne'er couple male with
 male.

Nor let unnat'ral deeds a woman stain,
 To lewdly imitate the acts of man.

Let not blind love thy nobler pow'rs controul,
 Dethrone thy reason, and possess thee whole ;
 For love's no God : but what in all we find ;
 An obscure passion of the human mind.
 Thy brother's wife defile not : Love thy own :
 Can there on earth diviner bliss be known,

Than

Than that which crowns, thro' ev'ry stage of life,
Th' indulgent husband, and th' endearing wife.

Let none presume a virgin to deflour,

By force resistless ; or thro' lawless pow'r.

Marry not one that's wicked, or a fool ;

Nor for a portion be a woman's tool.

In purchasing a horse, what care we use

To search his soundness :—Bulls by strength we
chuse ;

And in our choice of dogs, we always mind

To get the best, and most couragious kind :

And yet (consummate madness) in a wife,

How soon we take a wealthy plague for life.

A woman too brings ruin on herself,

Chusing a husband merely for his pelf.

Marry one wife, and then from wives abstain ;

To take another may bring care and pain.

Be to thy children not morose, but mild ;

Let mothers punish each offending child ;

Or th' elders of the family ; or they

Who in the city bear the public sway.

Let none of thy male children ever wear
 (A fight uncomely) long and pendant hair :
 Long hair degrades the man by whom 'tis worn ;
 But flowing tresses female necks adorn.

If thou hast handsome sons,—let care be had
 To guard their persons.—Men with lust are mad.
 Thy beauteous daughters also keep at home ;
 Abroad, unmarried, let them seldom roam :
 For parents find it now extremely hard,
 From lustful snares their children's youth to guard.

Love all thy kindred with unfeign'd respect :
 Revere the head with hoary honours deck'd,
 Rise to a senior, and resign thy seat ;
 And shew him all regard and homage meet :
 Elders, of equal birth and age, should be
 Honour'd with fathers, in the same degree.

For thy domestics, keep no scanty board ;
 His undiminish'd hire to each afford,
 That chearful he may practice thy command :
 And scorn to fix a stigmatizing brand
 On servants ; or with bitter railing words
 Accuse them spitefully before their lords.

Never,

Never, thro' senseless pride, reject th' advice
A servant gives thee ; if the servant's wife.

If once the soul be fair and chaste within,
The body will be consequently clean.
The myst'ries these of sacred justice are ;
Be these, O mortals ! your peculiar care :
So life shall smile thro' ev'ry chearful stage ;
Happy in youth, in manhood, and in age.

SELECT POEMS:

DIVINE and MORAL.

*On the Being of a God, a Future State, and the
Immortality of the Soul.*

are
IF there be men who fancy they were made
To live,—then sleep in everlasting shade ;
Who idly dream, that death (when life is o'er)
Shall disembark them on oblivion's shore :
Let such reflect—How rose this spacious world ?
Could chance have thus the lifeless atoms hurl'd !
Who fix'd the stars ? Who struck the rolling
spheres ?
Who plac'd the sun, and plann'd the num'rous
years ?
Who fill'd the deep ? Enrich'd the beauteous earth ?
Gave life to man ; to every creature birth ?

Amazing

Amazing thought ! The chaos heard its God ;
 The frame arose, and waits his awful nod ;
 When heav'n shall turn together as a scroll,
 Each orb, on fire, shall thenceforth cease to roll ;
 The piercing trumpet sound, *Ye righteous come,*
Awake, ye sinners, to your fatal doom :
Depart, ye curs'd, to everlasting woe,
But Let the just to life eternal go.

If men with brutes must share a common fate,
 Nor quit this earthly for a better state,
 If cruel death destroys the thinking part,
 And strikes the spirit as it strikes the heart ;
 Say, to what purpose was our reason giv'n ;
 Reason, the greatest, noblest gift of heav'n !
 Say, who would ever be upon their guard
 'Gainst vice, if virtue meets with no reward ?
 Much happier does the libertine appear,
 Who drinks of pleasure's cup without a fear :
 His days are jovial, every scene is gay,
 His time in soft amusements glides away,
 Till the last period of his life is come,
 And Death conducts him to the silent tomb.

Turn

Turn from this picture of earth's happy man,
 And let us that of virtue's vot'ries scan :
 See merit oft expos'd to envious hate,
 The frowns of fortune, and the storms of fate ;
 See the *good man*, by dire misfortune led,
 Subservient to the *wealthy fool* for bread ;
 There often doom'd to hear what gives offence
 To truth, morality, and common sense ;
 Till worn with sorrow, and by grief oppress'd,
 The weary soul sighs for its promis'd rest ;
 And like the hireling, working for his pay,
 Welcomes the ev'ning of a toilsome day :
 Since things are thus, what greater proof can rise,
 That *virtue blooms but in her native skies* :
 The charming plant, here nurs'd with tender care,
 By death transplanted, *yields its produce there* :
 This thought alone can the good man sustain,
 And calm his breast in poverty and pain :
 He patiently will bear stern fortune's frown,
 Who knows he soon shall gain a heav'nly crown.
 Who can on sublunary blifs depend,
 That hopes a happiness which ne'er shall end ?

Have

Have courage then ye meritorious few
 Whom strong temptations labour to subdue;
Fight the good fight, and with the latest breath,
Prove glorious victors over sin and death.

*On the Power and Benevolence of the Almighty
 Creator.*

HOW vain and fruitless is the attempt of man,
 O gracious God! thy wond'rous works
 to scan!

Matter and form to thee their being owe;
 From thee, their *great original*, they flow:
 When yet the mingled mass unactive lay,
 Thou gav'st it motion by thy quick'ning ray;
Chaos and *night* thy pow'rful mandate heard,
 And *light* and *glorious order* soon appear'd:
 By thy direction the bright orbs above,
 In perfect order thro' the æther move.

Eternal maker hail! hail pow'r divine!
 The heav'ns and earth, the day and night are thine.
 Thy

Thy throne's establish'd by a just decree ;
 From thy subjection monarchs are not free.
 Thy will is fate ; and at thy dreadful frown
 The proudest kingdoms tumble to the ground.

In vain would armies and whole nations rise,
 With rage gigantic, to assault the skies ;
 In vain they question thy *divine command*,
 Or dare the wonders of thy pow'rful hand :
 Destruction waits upon thy awful nod ;
 And nations perish at thy voice, O God !
 The seas, tumultuous, like the mountains rise,
 And strong convulsions rend the trembling skies :
 If thou but speak, all things to ruin fly ;
 The lifeless perish, and the living die.

The earth and skies thro' various changes run ;
 But *thou*, whose wond'rous being ne'er begun,
 Can'st ne'er thro' all eternity decay ;
 But time's swift flood bears all things else away.
 All things that lovely are, or pure, below,
 Immediately from thy bright essence flow.
Eternal pow'r, thou great first cause of all !
 We own thy right, and thee *our father* call.

The

*The Being of God, his Power and Benevolence,
and a Future State, being asserted, it follows
that we, his dependant creatures, make our Sup-
plications to him, and render him due Honour
and Praise.*

HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

GOD of my health ! whose bounteous care
First gave me pow'r to move,
How shall my thankful heart declare
The wonders of thy love.

While void of thought and sense I lay,
Dust of my parent earth;
Thy breath inform'd the sleeping clay,
And call'd me into birth.

From thee my parts their fashion took,
And ere my life begun,
Within the volume of thy book
Were written one by one.

Thy

Thy eye beheld in open view
The yet unfinish'd plan ;
The shading lines thy pencil drew,
And form'd the future man.

O may this frame, that rising grew
Beneath thy plastic hands,
Be studious ever to pursue
Whate'er thy will commands.

The soul that moves this earthly load,
Thy semblance let it bear,
Nor lose the traces of the God
That stamp'd his image there.

A M O R N I N G H Y M N.

LORD of my life, O may thy praise
Employ my noblest pow'rs,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.

Preserv'd

Preserv'd by thy almighty arm,
 I pass'd the shades of night
 Serene, and safe from ev'ry harm,
 And see returning light.

While many spent the night in sighs,
 And restless pains, and woes,
 In balmy sleep I clos'd my eyes,
 And undisturb'd repose.

When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me spread,
 And I unconscious lay,
 Thy watchful care was round my bed,
 To guard my feeble clay.

O let the same almighty care
 My waking hours attend ;
 From ev'ry danger, ev'ry snare,
 My heedless steps defend.

Smile on my minutes as they roll,
 And guide my future days ;
 And let thy goodness fill my soul
 With gratitude and praise.

ANOTHER MORNING HYMN.

TO thee let my first off'rings rise,
Whose sun creates the day,
Swift as his glad'ning influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.

What numbers with heart-piercing sighs
Have pass'd this tedious night !
What numbers too have clos'd their eyes,
No more to see the light !

Sound was my sleep, my dreams were gay,
How short such time, review'd !
My night stole unperceiv'd away ;
I'm like the day renew'd.

This day thy fav'ring hand be nigh,
So oft vouchsaf'd before ;
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore.



If

If blifs thy Providence impart,
For which, resign'd, I pray ;
Give me to feel with grateful heart,
And without guilt be gay.

Affliction should thy love intend,
As vice or folly's cure ;
Patient to gain that gracious end
May I the means endure.

Thus from my fix'd or varying fate,
Some virtue let me gain ;
That heav'n, nor high nor low estate,
When sent, may fend in vain.

Be this, and every future day,
Still wiser than the past ;
That life's improvement to survey
May well sustain my last.

A N

AN EVENING HYMN.

INDULGENT God, whose bounteous care
 O'er all thy works is shown,
 Oh! grateful let my praise and pray'r
 Ascend before thy throne.

What mercies has this day bestow'd!
 How largely hast thou blest'd!
 My cup with plenty overflow'd,
 And with content my breast.

Safe 'midst a thousand latent snares,
 Thy careful hand has led,
 And now exempt from anxious cares,
 I press the downy bed.

I fall this night into thy arms,
 Which I have prov'd so kind;
 Oh! keep my body from all harms,
 And from all sin, my mind.

Let

Let balmy slumbers close my eyes,
 From pain and sickness free ;
 And let my waking fancy rise
 To meditate on thee.

So bless each future day and night,
 Till life's fond scene is o'er ;
 And then to realms of endless light
 Oh aid my soul to soar !

A comprehensive or general Prayer.

TO thee *Jehovah, Father, Lord, and God,*
 Who rules the world with thy command-
 ing nod ;
 At whose dread touch the lofty mountains quake ;
 At whose displeasure earth's foundations shake ;
 At whose command the dreadful thunders roll,
 And glaring lightnings flash from pole to pole :
 Thou giv'st the word, again the thunders cease,
 By which th'affrighted world's restor'd to peace :

To thee my soul in supplication bends,
 Thou kindest father, and thou best of friends.

My first, my chief request is, that I may
 To thee, O God ! due adoration pay :
 Next, how to act with justice to mankind,
 And give such treatment as I wish to find.
 To me, great God, thy sacred truths impart,
 And print thy precepts deeply in my heart.
 Where'er I am let me most careful be,
 As far as mortals can, to copy thee.
 Whatever bears the livid marks of sin
 Let me abhor ; nor ever deal therein :
 From sacred truth let me ne'er turn aside ;
 Still making thy unerring rules my guide.
 Let all contention from my breast depart ;
 All bitter words,—all frowardness of heart :
 Oh ! let me never take malicious aim,
 With slander keen, to wound my neighbour's fame.
 For all my conversation, let me seek
 The pure in heart, the humble, and the meek.

O hear me ever, when to thee I cry ;
Let daily food my daily wants supply ;

And,

And, if thou giv'st the means, let me relieve
 The poor, distressed, and comfort those that grieve.
 Give me, O Lord! tranquility of mind;
 And let me peace in my own bosom find.

And last, O dread *Jehovah!* *Father!* *Lord!*
Ruler of all things! whose tremendous word
 Millions of Saints that in thy presence stand,
 With joy obey; performing each command;
 To thee alone I recommend my soul,
 Thou judge of all;—supreme without controul.

Another universal, or general Prayer to the Deity.

O Thou dread Sov'reign both of heav'n and
 earth,
 To whom, alone, all creatures owe their birth;
 On whom ten thousand thousand worlds depend,
 And whom no finite mind can comprehend;
 By whose all-gracious saving providence
 I've been from num'rous ills preserv'd, e'er since
 The moment of my birth;—To whom I owe
 Each bliss and comfort I enjoy below;

To

To thee, O Lord ! my humble thanks I give,
 Since 'tis in thee I move,—in thee I live.
 O let me ne'er thy fierce displeasure find
 For my demerits ; and endue my mind
 With such apt dispositions, that I e'er
 Myself may safe and innocently steer
 Thro' ev'ry future trial of my life,
 Free from disturbance, danger, noise, and strife.

May I thy sacred mandates still obey,
 And ne'er from reason's rightful dictates stray.
 Suffer no earthly pow'r, tho' e'er so great,
 To injure me in body or estate.

May I, by no misconduct of my own,
 Draw on my guilty head thy vengeance down,
 Grant me perceptions quite distinct and clear,
 Of things perceptible in this my sphere :
 And oh ! forgive me for thy mercies sake,
 If I (a worm), thro' blindness or mistake,
 Leave the religion which my fires of old
 Believ'd and held,—but which I cannot hold ;
 Fearful on any being to depend,
 But thee alone, my author and my end,

For

For my falvation, and eternal blifs :

This, this my pray'r, my *summum bonum* this.

Grant me fuccels in bus'nefs : So much wealth,
With fuch a meafure of corporeal health,
As are for me expedient ; that I may,
During the time allotted for my ftay,
Glide thro' this troublous world with peace, and
find

True comfort, and tranquility of mind.

Illume my thoughts,—my faculties enlarge,
That I may ftill moft faithfully difcharge
Thofe duties which on me incumbent are,
As thine own creature, and of heav'n an heir.

And firft to thee, my God, due homage pay ;
And thy commands obfequioufly obey :
Next my ag'd parents fuccour and revere ;
For all my houfe provide with prudent care ;
And ftrove to blefs all thofe within my fphere. }
May I my precious time fo well employ,
It may redound to my eternal joy :
Improve each talent too with which I'm bleft,
And ftore up ufeful knowledge in my breaft ;

That

That so I may, by thine assisting grace,
 In peace and comfort run this mortal race;
 'Then be transported to that glorious state,
 Where rapt'rous joy and bliss shall ne'er abate.

Youth admonished. Prov. ch. vii.

ATTEND, my son : With reverential ear,
 And filial awe, instructive precepts hear :
 Deep in thy breast the sage advice record,
 And length of days shall be thy sure reward.
 To *sacred wisdom* strict allegiance pay ;
 Observe her precepts, and her laws obey :
 Court her allegiance, and her aid implore
 To turn thy footsteps from the harlot's door :
 Assiduous *virtue* shall her friendship gain,
 And *vice* and *flatt'ry* spend their shafts in vain,
 For late, as ev'ning clos'd the sultry day,
 And night's pale regent reassum'd her sway,
 I from my window cast a pitying eye
 On the gay crouds that pass'd unthinking by ;
 Thence I with pain discern'd a thoughtless youth,
 His looks estrang'd to *virtue* and to truth ;

And as with heedless steps he pass'd the street,
 He chanc'd, at length, (O dire mishap!) to meet
 A fatal fair one:—For the glaring dress
 And artful mien, the harlot's mind expresses:
 With speech indecent; obstinate and loud,
 With rambling footsteps searching ev'ry crowd:
 Estrang'd to *virtue*, *modesty*, and home,
 Thro' every street the wanton loves to roam,
 Destructive baits for virtue to prepare,
 And at each corner spread the subtle snare.
 With look lascivious, and immodest joy,
 She caught, and kiss'd, the young unwary boy;
 And thus, with smiles alluring, boldly said,
 To-day my off'rings and my vows are paid;
 To seek thy face I came,—nor came in vain,
 Since thy lov'd sight rewards the well-spent pain.
 Arabia's spices, and her rich perfumes,
 With grateful odours fill my fragrant rooms:
 And curious tap'stries in nice order spread,
 Adorn my chamber, and surround my bed:
 For love's soft pleasures let us then prepare;
 For those rich joys which lovers only share;

So

So growing blisses shall our hours attend,
 Till envious morning bids those pleasures end.
 Far from his home on tedious business call'd,
 My husband left me, with his presence pall'd:
 Nor will his quick return our joys allay;
 Affairs require, and gold supports his stay.
 Upon her lips such flatt'ring music hung,
 Such soft persuasion dwelt upon her tongue,
 Ensnar'd he sunk supinely to her arms,
 Th' unwary victim of her vicious charms.

As heedless, oxen to the slaughter go,
 And thoughtless fools receive the chast'ning blow;
 As birds, unthinking, hasten to the snare,
 Nor dread the loss of life or freedom there;
 So the rash youth devours the specious bait,
 Nor dreads th' effects that on his conduct wait,
 Till inborn tortures tell him 'tis too late.

Hear then, my children; to my words attend;
 Her paths decline,—nor to her gates descend;
 For sure destruction waits on all her ways;
 The strong she conquers, and the brave dismays:
 To *death's dark chambers* all her pleasures tend,
 And only in *eternal ruin end*.

*The State of the Drunkard.**Prov. ch. xxiii. v. 29, &c.*

SAY, from what spring flows many a wretched life ?

Whence come contentious rage, and horrid strife ?

Say, from what source can ills like these arise ?

From whence those flames which wound the
redd'ning eyes ?

Too plain, alas ! the real cause we find ;

'Tis wine's abuse that irritates the mind :

Oh ! view it not, frail man, with eager eye,

Tho' sparkling in the gilded cup it fly ;

Tho' smiling in the chrystal vase it shine,

Avoid the dreadful consequence of wine :

It's too fallacious joys will surely bring

Pollution's blast, the pois'nous adder's sting :

'Tis then the mind, *unaw'd by reason's sway*,

To wretched lust's intemp'rate rage gives way :

Hence acts of impious insolence proceed ;

Hence orphan's tears arise ; hence matrons bleed.

E

Oh !

Oh ! dreadful state ! when passions, unconfin'd,
 Bear boist'rous rule, which no restraint can bind ;
 When man, who boasts dominion o'er the world,
 Below the grov'ling state of brutes is hurl'd :
 (Like as when winds contending winds engage,
 And lash the billows with impetuous rage ;
 Waves roll o'er waves with undistinguish'd roar ;
 The foaming surge breaks dreadful on the shore :
 Disorder wild spreads o'er the vast profound,
 And universal horror reigns around :)
 Such is the *drunkard* ! Hapless man beware !
 Shun, whilst you may, this heart-deluding snare :
 And oh ! let reason ever keep her course,
 Unstain'd by headlong riot's desp'rate force ;
 For that once lost, the man survives no more ;
 Destructive woes their baneful influence pour ;
 Th' insulting frantics scoff without controul,
 And ills, unnumber'd, overwhelm the soul :
 His real dignity, alas ! is lost ;
 The joys of life no longer can he boast.

The

*The true Pursuit of Man's Chief Good; or Real
Happiness.*

ALL are deceiv'd who here expect to find
Full satisfaction to the human mind;
Search thro' the world, nothing created can
Afford the proper happiness of man:
That pow'r immense, who gave all being birth;
Who form'd the heav'ns, and who upholds the
earth;
Whose word first made, whose mercy still sustains
Those worlds unknown, o'er which his justice
reigns;
Whose smiles alone create eternal peace,
Is the true source of joys which never cease.
That man alone obtains the end desir'd,
Whose bosom with immortal love is fir'd;
Who seeks for happiness in virtue's road,
And steadily obeys the will of God:
Who will by no temptation be betray'd,
Nor can by fear of punishment be sway'd;
Whose fix'd design is stedfastly pursu'd,
To seek his maker, as his chiefest good:

He who by virtue's rules his way directs ;
 Watches each word, and ev'ry thought inspects ;
 Gives up his own to the almighty mind,
 And is alike in ev'ry state resign'd :
 This man, of heav'n's protection ever sure,
 While thousands fall around, shall stand secure :
 While those, who plac'd their happiness below,
 Shall wake from *dreams of bliss to endless woe*,
 He finds his joys by added time increas'd,
 And his best blessings are reserv'd till last,
 Happy in life ; and when approaching death,
 In ghastly form, demands his fleeting breath,
 The long expected summons gladly hears,
 While conscious virtue dissipates his fears :
 Dauntless he passes thro' the darksome way ;
 The destin'd passage to eternal day :
 Hopes in his God ; nor shall his hope prove vain ;
 For he shall surely endless bliss attain ;
 Be crown'd with glory which can never fade ;
 Enjoy in heav'n that God he here obey'd.

*On the Omnipresence of God.**Psaln cxxxix.*

O GOD, whose all-exploring eye surveys
 My inmost thoughts, and all my secret
 ways ;

Who, from thy vast infinitude of space,
 Can all my soul's most deep recesses trace ;
 Say, from thy presence whither shall I fly ?
 On eagles wings should I ascend the sky,
 Thy blaze divine would all my pow'rs controul,
 Astonish and o'erwhelm my ravish'd soul :
 Or, should I seek t' elude thee with my flight
 In the black regions of eternal night,
 Thy omnipresence still would there be found,
 In all the horrors of the vast profound :
 Thro' worlds unnumber'd should I wing my way,
 Where night eternal reigns,—or endless day ;
 To earth's remotest parts, or where I will ;
 Thy watchful providence surrounds me still.

Before existence from the womb of night
 Had call'd my rising form to op'ning light,

Thy piercing eye did ev'ry part survey,
 And quick'ned into life the breathless clay ;
 Th' unfashion'd mass, form'd by thy pow'r divine
 Complete in beauty's excellence to shine.
 Thy ways, O God ! whene'er my thoughts pursue,
 A thousand wonders open to my view ;
 Such heights sublime when I survey, in vain
 I strive such wond'rous knowledge to attain.
 Therefore, O God ! to thee let mortals pay
 Their grateful thanks, and own thy sov'reign sway :
 To thee, while life shall last, their voices raise ;
 And joyful join to sing thy glorious praise.

Faith, Hope, and Charity.

I. *Corinth.* ch. xiii.

TH O' loftier strains flow from my
 tongue,
 Than ever raptur'd seraph sung ;
 Were I in *deepest myst'ries* skill'd,
 Or with *prophetic spirit* fill'd ;

Or had I *Faith*, whose pow'rful call
 The trembling hills would hear and fall ;
 Tho' proudly lavish of my store,
 I give my all to feed the poor :
 Or tho' bright *zeal* my breast inspire
 To dare the pangs of tort'ring fire ;
 In vain these mighty gifts possess'd,
 If *Charity* desert my breast.

THREE Sisters, of one heav'nly parent born,
 Religion brighten, and the church adorn :

The eldest, *Faith*, with revelation's eyes,
 Thro' reason's shades, the realms of bliss describes ;
 Brings heav'n in realizing prospects home,
 And antedates the happiness to come.

The second, *Hope*, with life-bestowing smile,
 Lightens each woe, and softens human toil ;
 Bidding the thought-dejected heart ascend
 To that blest place where ev'ry care shall end.

The youngest, *Charity*,—a seraph guest !
 With clement-goodness warms the social breast ;

Her.

*Her boundless view, and comprehensive mind,
Sees and pursues the weal of human kind;
And, taught to emulate the throne above,
Grasps all creation in the links of love.*

Yet two of these, tho' daughters of the sky, }
Boast short duration, and are born to die : }
For *Faith* shall end in vision ; — *Hope* in joy ; }
While *Charity*, immortal and sublime,
Shall mock the darts of death, and wreck of time :
When nature sinks, herself the prey of fire,
And all the monuments of art expire,
She shall emerge triumphant from the flame,
The same her lustre, and her worth the same,
Confess'd shall shine to saints and angels known ;
Approv'd distinguish'd near th' eternal throne.

On the Virtue of Patience in this mortal Life.

EACH man has something to enjoy and bear,
And none should envy what's another's
share.

Envy! the source of half the wretched feel ;
And, where it strikes, the hardest wound to heal.

To me, perhaps, kind heav'n indulgent grants,
 The spirits, health, or limbs my neighbour wants :
 To me, no acres of paternal grounds ;
 To him, the spleen, and fifty thousand pounds.
 If doom'd severer trials to sustain,
 Some secret pow'r may blunt the edge of pain :
 The keen sensation use may reconcile,
 And added hope affliction's sting beguile.

Would you enquire why man's to suff'rings
 born,
 To feel his frailties, and his nature mourn ;
 Why each has his peculiar ill assign'd ;
 Some pain of body, or some plague of mind :
 Some ling'ring malady for years endur'd ;
 Some hopeless passion never to be cur'd ;
 And why not rather temp'rate, wise, serene ;
 Without, all healthful,—and all peace within ?
 Know, thankless man, that he who rules this ball,
 In goodness infinite, permits it all ;
 For *nat'ral evil*, rightly understood,
 Works but the grand design,—our *moral good* :
 And he unjustly of his lot complains,
 Who finds his strength proportion'd to his pains.

*This life, with pain and pleasure intermix'd,
Is but a state of trial for the next ;*

Our bus'ness only, thro' the measur'd span,
To act it well, and wisely as we can.

Pain is permitted in each various part,
To check the manners, and chastise the heart ;
To blunt the appetite to moral ill ;
To curb, restrain, and rectify the will :
To call us back from ev'ry wild pursuit ;
To clear the soil for virtue's plants to shoot ;
To move compassion for our neighbour's ill,
And teach us where to weep, from what we feel :
To fix, to urge, the bus'ness of our span,
And make true goodness the chief work of man.

Sharp trials must the headstrong temper break,
As gentler methods oft' reclaim the meek :
When lightnings flash, the most obdurate mind
Some efforts, sure, of penitence must find :
Ev'n Felix trembles at a gen'ral doom,
And owns the terrors of a world to come.
These are the ends for which afflictions came,
To rouse our reason, and our passions tame ;

To

To set *fair virtue* in her proper light,
And fix our wav'ring inclinations right.

What tho' your part, amid the gen'ral scene,
Too high or hard appear,—too low or mean ;
Beset with wants ; with cares and fears oppress'd ;
The sport of fortune, and of men the jest ;
Yet wait awhile : Whatever chance befall,
Heav'n's ways are equal ;—thine unequal all.
Here but as strangers, journ'ying for a space
To seek some sure, some distant resting place,
Some perils by the way we must endure ;
The cruel robber, and the night obscure :
Yet, arm'd with patience, let us boldly dare ;
The end is certain, and the prospect fair.
He who proportions largely all our gain,
Weighs every loss, and counts our ev'ry pain ;
Sees all our frailties, measures all our dust ;
In all he gives or takes, supremely just :
That pow'r eternal will our steps befriending,
And guide us safely to our journey's end ;
Where ev'ry pang,—where ev'ry fear shall cease,
And all corroding care subside in peace :
To him who suffer'd well will much be giv'n ;
And *patience* wear the brightest wreath in heav'n.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

Too little understood by the generality of Men.

HOW fondly those mistake who seek for joys
 In crouds of mirth, and never ceasing noise :
 Such joys, how empty ! and such mirth, how vain !
 Reflection ever flies the laughing train.
 Stunn'd with the din, thought sickens ; and the
 mind

No true delight, no taste of blifs can find.

If pleasure smiles sincere below the skies,
 That pleasure must from *sacred friendship* rise.
 Of all which animates the human frame,
 The noblest ardour, and the purest flame :
 Offspring of heav'n ! There friendship, all refin'd,
 Immortal glows in each seraphic mind :
 Mix'd with the streams of blifs, for ever flows ;
 Nor change, decay, nor interruption knows :
 A glorious native of the realms of love,
 And only, in perfection, known above :
 Yet is the blessing, by indulgent heav'n,
 Tho' in a less degree, to mortals giv'n ;

It's pleasing pow'r by providence design'd
 To soften human cares, and mend the mind;
 To calm our passions by it's gentle sway,
 And bid them *reason's sacred laws obey*.
Friendship can often o'er the heart prevail,
 When philosophic rules and maxims fail:
 It turns to mutual tendernefs the thought,
 And views with kind indulgence ev'ry fault;
 And where corrosives ought to be apply'd,
 The gentle hand soft love and pity guide:
 While each can bear reproof, and each reprove,
 (All proud resentment lost in grateful love,)
 Point out each fault, and blame, yet not offend,
 And free from nauseous flatt'ry, can commend;
 To merit, it's proportion'd honours raise;
 Alike exact the censure and the praise.

Friendship communicates our joys and pains,
 And in each breast rejoices or complains:
 Divides our weight of woe,—abates our cares,
 And ev'ry pleasure heightens as it shares.
 While *sacred virtue* lights the holy fire,
 By time uninjur'd, it will ne'er expire;

No force of rough adversity can part,
Can tear the *gen'rous passion* from the heart.

Oh *friendship* ! what sincere delights are thine ?
Fair miniature of happiness divine ;
Propitious, pleasing, heav'n-descended guest,
Who only with the virtuous few can rest,
May thy kind influence make my path of life
Still calm and easy,—free from ev'ry strife.
Be *virtue*, *sweet content*, and *friendship* mine,
I at my humble lot shall ne'er repine :
From these alone more real pleasures flow,
Than all the charms of mirth, or gaudy show, }
Or wealth, or pomp of greatness can bestow.

A Portrait of the Essence of Virtue and Happiness.

HAS mortal man no law besides his will ?
No just criterion fix'd to good and ill ?
Yes ;—Would we search for what we were de-
sign'd,
And for what end th' Almighty form'd mankind,
A rule of life, unerring, we should see,
For, to pursue that end, must *virtue* be.

The

The *great Creator* from his heav'nly throne,
 Pleas'd, on the wide-expanded whole looks down;
 And his eternal law is only this,
 That *all contribute to the gen'ral blifs* :
 Nature so plain this primal law displays,
 Each living creature sees it, and obeys.
 All understand their great Creator's will ;
 Strive to be happy, and in that fulfill.
 Mankind excepted, Lord of all beside,
 Subjects himself to *folly, vice, and pride* :
 'Tis he that's deaf to this command alone ;
 Delights in others woe, and courts his own.

How easy is our yoke! how light our load !
 Did we not strive to mend the laws of God :
 For his own sake no duty can he ask ;
 The common welfare is our only task :
 For this sole end his precepts, kind as just,
 Forbid *intemp'rance, murder, theft, and lust* ;
 With ev'ry act injurious to our own
 Or others good ; for such are crimes alone ;
 For this, are *peace, love, charity*, enjoin'd,
 With all that can secure and bless mankind :

Thus

Thus is the *public safety virtue's cause*,
 And *happinefs the end of all her laws* ;
 For fuch, by nature, is the human frame,
 Our *duty* and our *int'reft* are the fame.

God forming by degrees, to blifs, mankind,
 This globe our sportive nurfery affign'd,
 Where, for a while, his fond, paternal care,
 Feafts us with ev'ry joy our ftate can bear ;
 Each fenfe, touch, tafte, and fmell, difpenfe delight ;
 Mufic, our hearing,—beauty charms our fight ;
 Trees, herbs, and flow'rs to us their fpoils refign ;
 Its pearl, the rock presents,—its gold, the mine :
 Beafts, fowl, and fifh, their daily tribute give,
 Of food and cloaths ; and die that we may live :
 Seasons but change new pleasures to produce ;
 And elements contend, to ferve our ufe.
 Love's gentle fhafts, ambition's tow'ring wings,
 The pomps of fenates, churches, courts, and kings,
 All that our rev'rence, joy, or hope create,
 Are the gay playthings of this infant ftate.
 Scarcely an ill to human life belongs,
 But what our follies caufe, or mutual wrongs ;

Or,

Or, if some stripes from providence we feel,
 He strikes with pity, and but wounds to heal;
 Kindly sometimes, perhaps, afflicts us here,
 To guide our views to a sublimer sphere;
 On more exalted joys to fix our taste,
 And wean us from delights that cannot last.
 Our *present good* the easy task is made,
 To earn *superior bliss*, when this shall fade:
 For soon as e'er these mortal pleasures cloy,
 His hand shall lead us to sublimer joy;
 Snatch us from all our little sorrows here;
 Calm ev'ry grief, and dry each childish tear;
 Waft us to regions of eternal peace,
 Where bliss and virtue grow with like increase:
 From strength to strength our souls for ever guide,
 Thro' wond'rous scenes of being yet untry'd,
 Where in each stage we shall more perfect grow,
 And new perfections new delights bestow.

CONCLUSION.

OH! would mankind but make these truths
 their guide,
 And force the helm from *prejudice* and *pride*;

Were once these maxims fix'd, that *God's our friend,*
Virtue our good, and happiness our end;
 How soon must *reason* o'er the world prevail,
 And *error, fraud, and superstition* fail!
 No more, *applause* would on *ambition* wait,
 And *laying waste the world* be counted great;
 But one *good-natur'd* *aet* more praises gain,
 Than *armies overthrown, and thousands slain:*
 No more would *brutal rage* disturb our peace,
 But *envy, hatred, war, and discord* cease:
 Our own and others good each hour employ,
 And all things smile with universal joy:
Virtue with happiness, her consort, join'd,
 Would *regulate and bless* each human mind;
 And man be *what his maker first design'd.*

F I N I S.



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